

THE FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK
 LOUISBURG, NORTH CAROLINA
 SAFEST FOR SAVINGS

TO ALL

We wish a Happy Christmas and that the New Year may bring you all the Health, Happiness and Prosperity you ask for.

Sincerely,

The Farmers & Merchants Bank



After a big Dinner, a heavy Desert is not desirable either for health or enjoyment. Nuts, assorted from the many varieties we have just received, answers the Desert question easily and economically.

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LOUISBURG, North Carolina

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The best of meals the market affords and prepared in the best of fashion.

Plenty of rooms for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the night, all well furnished.

J. C. TUCKER Proprietor

WOOD DEPARTMENT (Continued from Page Three)

keep disappointment from breaking little Virgie's heart on Christmas morning when the ones she had known before had always been the happiest days of her life and as Mrs. Moore began to think of those happy bygone days her heart seemed that it would burst with pain.

Before coming to Boston Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Virgie had lived in a beautiful home on the banks of the Wabash. There had been no home-life more sweet and happy than that of their home but misfortune and trouble will come, even to those who least expect them.

Mr. Moore had been suddenly taken sick and all that skilled physicians and loving friends could do, he died leaving Mrs. Moore and Virgie all alone in the world, for one of the queer things about the Moore family was that they were a family living out by themselves without a kindred or relative in all the world as anyone had ever known.

Mr. Moore had not been a rich man but his fortune was sufficient for a comfortable and happy life so Mrs. Moore had never known the hardships of poverty until after Mr. Moore's death, when to her great wonder and astonishment she found that Mr. Moore had secretly gone into the speculation business and had lost every penny he possessed and there was still several debts to be settled.

After all the debts had been paid and all the business straightened out, Mrs. Moore found herself and Virgie homeless and penniless in the wide world, but Mrs. Moore was a woman not to give up under her heavy load so she put her shoulder to the wheel and began to push determined to make the best of her new life she could. She had come directly to Boston secured a position as clerk in one of the large department stores on main street but the cost of living was high and the small salary that she so faithfully earned was hardly enough to pay room rent and buy sufficient food and clothes for her and Virgie, to say nothing of the pleasure and privileges they had hitherto enjoyed. During the earlier part of winter there had been no need for extra expenses but now that Christmas was coming and little Virgie was looking for her bountiful supply of presents and enjoyments as usual, she found herself confronted on all sides by problems that her brains seemed incapable of solving. She had a great faith that God would not forget them so she had thought and prayed over the matter for a week or more and having arrived at no satisfactory point she decided to trust her and Virgie's fate to the hands of one greater than she.

Virgie awoke early Christmas Eve morning, jumped out of bed slipped into her little gingham dress and built a fire in the grate, then she ran to the window, pushed back the curtains and peeped out and found to her great delight that all the ground and buildings was wrapped in a heavy, white blanket of snow and the large, fluffy flakes were still falling in a steady down pour. "Oh, mama," she cried, "we are going to have a real Christmas sure enough for there is a big snow on the ground just like in 'The Night Before Christmas.'" and she just danced around the room in her delight, laughing in her childish glee.

"Why, what a sweet little girl I have to get up and build a fire on such a cold morning. Is there really a snow on the ground?"

"Yes mama, and I am so glad." Virgie ran back to the window.

Mrs. Moore went back to her work as usual that morning but before going she kissed Virgie goodbye and there were real tears in her eyes as she thought of what a great change had taken place in her life since last Christmas Eve. She had been so happy then in making preparation for Christmas and in putting up Christmas decorations. Now her kind, true, loving partner and pal had been taken from her and she was having to work hard for a living.

All day Virgie was trying to think of some plan or something new for that night for she felt her loneliness more than ever and all her childish nature was calling for some amusement from the outside world and the little brains were working hard to plan some adventure for tonight. At last she arrived at a satisfactory plan. "I'll do it," she cried, her eyes shining with excitement. "I'll go and try to make somebody happy by singing at their windows and oh, what a grand adventure it will be. I can hardly wait for tonight."

Mrs. Moore came home earlier than usual that night and Virgie ran to the door to meet her. She was so eager to tell her plan and ask for mother's permission. Mrs. Moore was afraid to let Virgie go at first but after a brief consideration she gave the so much desired permission, saying to herself that perhaps that would be the only real Christmas joys the little one would have.

About dark Virgie was ready to start on her mission. She wore a little brown coat, a brown fur cap, and a pair of red mittens. She was pretty picture as she ran down the stairs out the door and into the street.

The night was cold and bitter but very beautiful. The snow was very deep and as light and fluffy as could be. The moon had just arose in the clear blue sky which was filled with millions of twinkling stars and all the atmosphere seemed to be filled with the beautiful Christmas spirit.

Not far from Virgie's home was a mission home for old homeless ladies. Virgie went first to this building. She went to one of the large side windows and getting up under the window where the bright rays from within fell on her she began to sing. The words fell on the night air in a clear, sweet, childish tone.

"It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old," etc.

Many faces appeared at the window in a few minutes, some pale and worn, others wrinkled and crowned with masses of silver hair.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG
 Tott's Liver Pills act as a tonic on the delicate female or infirm and help to keep the vigorous man.
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When Virgie had finished her song the old ladies clapped their hands and their faces showed such joys as they had not known in a long time. Virgie was so glad to see the old faces all aglow with happiness that she sang another and then another then wishing them a Merry Christmas, she ran on down the street, leaving behind her a large window filled with faces and a band of hearts that had really been touched by the Christmas Spirit.

Virgie went to many different houses and at each one she was greeted with loud applause and cheerful faces. In many windows were pretty Christmas trees and Christmas decorations. People were laughing and talking.

Little children were busy setting up pretty holly trees and hanging up long stockings and the poor little girl as she watched all these beautiful scenes seemed to forget her own self. She seemed to be living in a circle of happy children who she was watching through the window of a beautiful building on main street. They had just finished putting up a pretty holly bush all covered with beautiful red berries and was standing around the tree viewing their works. As Virgie watched these she forgot that last Christmas Eve that had been her happy task, while now she was out in the cold, cold street and her only joy was in seeing other little children happy. She forgot that back at home no stocking was hanging by the mantle and she couldn't tell why but in some way she felt like mama wasn't expecting Santa to visit them tonight. She looked so changed from the way she looked last Christmas and was always so sad when she spoke about Santa Claus, but her little childish heart could picture no obstacle great enough to keep him away even if they did live away up on the third floor and in a little room almost hidden from the outside world. Virgie still had faith enough to believe that he would look for her as he always did.

"I must hurry, or Santa will come before I get back and hang up my stocking but I wonder who lives in that beautiful building yonder."

Virgie stood in front of one of the most beautiful homes she had ever seen. It was a large gray stone mansion. Beautiful lights of all the Christmas colors was shining from the large carved windows. Virgie was so fairly taken away by the beautiful picture she could hardly move. Finally she came to herself and crept a little nearer. She was almost afraid to venture up to those windows but at last she decided to try just one song and go home for the moon was already high in the sky. She crept just under the window and began to sing in a clear, sweet voice. "Oh little town of Bethlehem how still we see thee lie," etc. The sweet childish voice sounded like that of an angel for she had never sung so sweetly as then. Just as she reached the end of her first song some one within the room began to raise the window and then a face appeared at the window. It was the face of an old man with silver hair. His face was drawn and pale written with lines of care and trouble. There was a cold, bitter expression in his large, black eyes that was somewhat dimmed by time and the sternness of his manner so frightened little Virgie that she turned and began to walk away but he said in a cold, hard voice, "Please little one, don't let me frighten you away. Sing just one more of your beautiful carols, please." And something in his manner caught little Virgie's heart to fill with pity for him so she turned back and sang not only one but all the Christmas songs she could think of. The eyes of the old man was not one time lifted from the face of the little singer and when she had finished he said "Won't you come in and warm for I'm sure it is very cold out there." Virgie for the first time, realized that her little hands and feet were numb with cold.

"Yes thank you," she said and walked towards the door. All the while wondering what that beautiful house could look like inside.

The old man opened the door and led Virgie down a long hall and into one of the most beautiful rooms she had ever entered. A bright fire was burning in the grate and its ruddy glows sparkled on the pretty paintings on the silver gray walls. All the furniture was of a beautiful, old, grey color also. The floor was covered with rich heavy velvet rugs.

The old man pulled a large rocker up by the fire and Virgie sank down among its soft velvety seat.

When Virgie looked up at her companion she found him gazing at her as if to scrutinize every line of her form.

"Well, you haven't told me your name," and a smile spread over his face.

"Virgie Allen Moore," she replied. "I knew it, my God, I knew it," he cried and fell back in his seat with a face as pale as death. Virgie gazed at him with a horrified expression. "What did he mean! had he ever seen her before?"

"And pray tell me where you came from? Why you are here and where is your mother? Why I thought Ru-er-your mother was far away in Illinois."

"I live up in the third story of one of those big houses on West Church street, and mother is there all alone now," said Virgie as she arose for she had forgotten that she had a home or mother during the past few minutes.

"Sit down child, sit down. Where is your daddy? and why are you here?"

But I-I must go to mama, she is all alone and I promised not to stay long," and she turned toward the door but her companion caught her by the arm and pulled her back. She faced him with a strange expression.



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LOUISBURG, North Carolina

Why-er what do you mean and who are you? for Virgie could not understand his actions at all.

"I am Robert Allen, your mother's old hard hearted father, your own grandfather. Now please tell me where your father is and why you are here."

Virgie had drawn back against the wall and was staring at him with a terrified expression. Could it be true? Did mama really have a daddy? She had thought not. Why hadn't mama ever spoken of him?

"I have no daddy now," and little Virgie hung her head while her eyes began to fill with tears. "Daddy died last July and some bad men came and took all we had. Then we came here to live and mama has to work hard every day, to get something for us to eat and-er," but her companion stopped her he had heard enough. He gathered her in his arms and for the first time kissed the cheeks of his only little grand daughter then he walked over to the wall and touched a small button which rang a bell and soon a servant entered the room.

"Mary, tell Judson to bring a car to the door, at once." The girl bowed and went to carry the message.

Now warm good Virgins for we are going to bring mama home, yes home the home she always loved so well," and there was an expression on the old man's face such as had not been there for many a day, an expression of happiness and real joy.

"But grand-d," and there Virgie paused while a shy smile crept over her face.

A happy expression crept in Mr. Allen's eyes as he said in a tender voice, "Yes darling you may call me that but there is the car." He led Virgie down the hall and out to the car where he placed her on the rear seat took his seat beside her and gave the driver orders to drive to 407 West Church St. as quick as possible and in a few minutes Virgie found herself leading her companion up the long flight of stairs and into the comfortable little bed room where Mrs. Moore was standing by the window gazing out into the night. When Mr. Allen and Virgie entered the room Mrs. Moore looked around and when she saw that Virgie had a companion, a strange look came into her eyes. Several minutes of silence followed then the reconciliation came. "Oh it is papa my own dear papa, can it be true that you have really come at last!" and she ran to Mr. Allen with outstretched arms.

"Yes my darling Ruth, I have come and can you find it in your heart to forgive and love as you use to your old hardhearted father?"

"Papa I forgave you long ago that is if I had anything to forgive. I was the erring one so can you forgive me and take me back as a daughter after all these long years?"

The truth is I forgave you long ago but it was not until tonight that I overcame my pride and stubborn will and I owe it all to little Virgie. And here Mrs. Moore gathered the little one in her arms and wept as she had never

before, while Mr. Allen wept such bitter tears as strong men seldom weep.

In a little while the happy trio was on their way home and yes it was to be a real home in the future, even more happy than it had been in her early days before the coming of handsome Raymond Moore, whose winning ways and charming manners had entirely won the heart of sweet Ruth Allen who was the greatest joy and pride of her father's heart, her mother having died when she was a small child.

Raymond had been a poor boy and Mr. Allen who was a rich banker, had declared that if Ruth kept her word and married Raymond Moore, he would disinherit her and never look on her face. A bitter dispute had followed in which rash, harsh words had been used by both then one night Ruth eloped with Ray the man whose love was the greatest gift she asked for in this world.

They had gone directly to Illinois and fortune having favored them Ray soon had built a nice little home. Eight years of peace and supreme happiness were spent in this home. Then had come the great sorrow and trouble that had thrown Mrs. Moore and Virgie on the wide, wide world alone.

Mrs. Moore found the home of her childhood changed but little. Her room was just as she had left it those long years ago and no one can tell the great joy that filled her heart as she went from room to room viewing the pretty things that had once been the joys of her girlish heart.

Virgie's first question was where she could hang her stocking or if grand papa had a Christmas tree.

After Virgie had hung a long stocking by the chimney and gone to bed Mr. Allen and Mrs. Moore sat by the fire a long time and talked. Then Mr. Allen prepared for another journey along the street. As he walked along the street on that beautiful Christmas night his heart was filled with gladness and sweet Christmas joys and he felt that the mission he was going on was one of the greatest in all the world.

On Christmas morning there was not a happier little girl in all Boston than little Virgie as she opened her eyes in the early light of that Christmas morning and saw that not only had Santa left a well packed stocking but close by her bed stood a beautiful Christmas tree all loaded with every kind of gift that could delight her childish heart. Now she knew mama's fears had been wasted on false grounds.

What babe new born is this that in a manger cries? Near on her lowly bed his happy mother lies. Oh, see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings— This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of Kings.

Glider—A Christmas Hymn.

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